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# *ACIS* and *GALATEA.*

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A

# SERENATA.

The MUSIC by Mr. *HANDEL.*

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCLVI.

# ACIS and GALATEA.

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# *ACIS* and *GALATEA.*

## A

# SERENATA.

## PART *the* FIRST.

A rural Proſpect, diverſified with Rocks, Groves, and a River. *Acis* and *Galatea* ſeated by a Fountain. *Chorus* of Nymphs and Shepherds, diſtributed about the Landſcape; and *Polyphemus* diſcovered ſitting upon a Mountain.

### CHORUS.

*O The Pleaſure of the Plains!*
*Happy Nymphs, and happy Swains,*
*(Harmleſs, merry, free, and gay)*
*Dance and ſport the Hours away.*
*For us the Zephyr blows,*
*For us diſtils the Dew,*
*For us unfolds the Roſe,*
*And Flow'rs diſplay their Hue:*

*For us the Winters rain;*
*For us the Summers ſhine;*
*Spring ſwells for us the Grain,*
*And Autumn bleeds the Vine.* Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ye verdant Plains, and woody Mountains,
Purling Streams, and bubbling Fountains,
Ye painted Glories of the Field,
Vain are the Pleaſures which you yield;
Too thin the Shadow of the Grove,
Too faint the Gales, to cool my Love.

AIR.

*Huſh, ye pretty warbling Choir,*
*Your thrilling Strains*
*Awake my Pains,*
*And kindle fierce Deſire:*
*Ceaſe your Song, and take your Flight;*
*Bring back my* Acis *to my Sight.* Da Capo.

AIR.

ACIS.

*Where ſhall I ſeek the charming Fair?*
*Direct the Way, kind Genius of the Mountains:*
*O tell me if you ſaw my Dear;*
*Seeks ſhe the Groves, or bathes in cryſtal Fountains?*
Da Capo.

RE-

RECITATIVE.

DAMON.

Stay, Shepherd, ſtay!
See how thy Flocks in yonder Valley ſtray.
What means this melancholy Air?
No more thy tuneful Pipe we hear.

AIR.

*Shepherd, what art thou purſuing?*
*Heedleſs running to thy Ruin!*
*Share our Joy, our Pleaſure ſhare:*
*Leave thy Paſſion till To-morrow;*
*Let the Day be free from Sorrow,*
*Free from Love, and free from Care.*

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Lo here, my Love!
Turn, *Galatea*, hither turn thine Eyes;
See at thy Feet the longing *Acis* lies.

AIR.

*Love in her Eyes ſits playing,*
*And ſheds delicious Death;*
*Love in her Lips is ſtraying,*
*And warbling in her Breath:*

*Love*

*Love on her Breaſt ſits panting,*
*And ſwells with ſoft Deſire:*
*Nor Grace, nor Charm, is wanting*
*To ſet the Heart on fire.*

## RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

O! didſt thou know the Pains of abſent Love,
*Acis* would ne'er from *Galatea* rove.

## AIR.

*As when the Dove*
*Laments her Love,*
*All on the naked Spray;*
*When he returns,*
*No more ſhe mourns,*
*But loves the live-long Day.*
*Billing, Cooing,*
*Panting, Wooing,*
*Melting Murmurs fill the Grove;*
*Melting Murmurs, laſting Love,*

## DUET.

## DUET.

ACIS *and* GALATEA.

*Happy we.*
*What Joys I feel!--- What Charms I see!*
*Of all Youths, thou deareſt Boy!*
*Of all Nymphs, thou brighteſt Fair!*
*Thou all my Bliſs, thou all my Joy!*

Da Capo.

## CHORUS.

*Happy we,* &c.

# *ACIS* and *GALATEA.*

A

# SERENATA.

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## PART *the* SECOND.

### *A* CONCERTO *on the* ORGAN.

### CHORUS.

*Retched Lovers! Fate has paſt*
*This ſad Decree; No Joy ſhall laſt.*
*Wretched Lovers! quit your Dream;*
*Behold the Monſter* Polypheme;
*See what ample Strides he takes,*
*The Mountain nods, the Foreſt ſhakes;*
*The Waves run frighten'd to the Shores:*
*Hark! how the thund'ring Giant roars.*

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

POLYPHEME.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble God has ſtabb'd me to the Heart.
Thou truſty Pine,
Prop of my God-like Steps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred Reeds of decent Growth,
To make a Pipe for my capacious Mouth;
In ſoft inchanting Accents let me breathe
Sweet *Galatea*'s Beauty, and my Love.

AIR.

*O ruddier than the Cherry!*
*O ſweeter than the Berry!*
*O Nymph more bright*
*Than Moon-ſhine Night,*
*Like Kidlings, blith and merry!*
*Ripe as the melting Cluſter!*
*No Lilly has ſuch Luſtre;*
*Yet hard to tame*
*As raging Flame,*
*And fierce as Storms that bluſter!*

Da Capo.

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Da Capo.

## RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, GALATEA.

POLY. Whither, Faireſt, art thou running,
Still my warm Embraces ſhunning?
GAL. The Lion calls not to his Prey,
Nor bids the Wolf the Lambkin ſtay.
POLY. Thee, *Polyphemus*, great as *Jove*,
Calls to Empire, and to Love:
To his Palace in the Rock,
To his Dairy, to his Flock;
To the Grape of purple Hue,
To the Plum of gloſſy Blue;
Wildings, which, expecting, ſtand
Proud to be gather'd by thy Hand.
GAL. Of Infant Limbs to make my Food,
And ſwill full Draughts of human Blood!
Go, Monſter! bid ſome other Gueſt:
I loath the Hoſt; I loath the Feaſt.

## AIR.

POLYPHEMUS.

*Ceaſe to Beauty to be ſuing:*
*Ever whining Love diſdaining,*
*Let the Brave, their Aims purſuing,*
*Still be conqu'ring, not complaining.*

Da Capo.

AIR.

## AIR.

DAMON.

*Would you gain the tender Creature?*
*Softly, gently, kindly treat her:*
*Suff'ring is the Lover's Part:*
*Beauty, by Conſtraint, poſſeſſing,*
*You enjoy but half the Bleſſing,*
*Lifeleſs Charms without the Heart.*

Da Capo.

## RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

His hideous Love provokes my Rage.
Weak, as I am, I muſt engage:
Inſpir'd with thy victorious Charms,
The God of Love will lend his Arms.

## AIR.

*Love ſounds th' Alarm,*
*And Fear is a flying:*
*When Beauty's the Prize,*
*What Mortal fears dying?*

*In Defence of my Treaſure,*
*I'd bleed at each Vein:*
*Without her no Pleaſure;*
*For Life is a Pain.*

Da Capo.

AIR.

DAMON.

*Conſider, fond Shepherd,*
*How fleeting's the Pleaſure,*
*That flatters our Hopes*
*In Purſuit of the Fair;*
*The Joys that attend it,*
*By Moments we meaſure;*
*But Life is too little*
*To meaſure our Care.*

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ceaſe, O ceaſe, thou gentle Youth;
Truſt my Conſtancy and Truth;
Truſt my Truth, and Pow'rs above,
The Pow'rs propitious ſtill to Love.

TRIO.

## TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, *and* POLYPHEME.

ACIS *and* GAL. *The Flock ſhall leave the Mountains,*
*The Woods the Turtle Dove,*
*The Nymphs forſake the Fountains,*
*Ere I forſake my Love.*

POLY. *Torture! Fury! Rage! Deſpair!*
*I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.*

ACIS *and* GAL. *Not Show'rs to Larks ſo pleaſing,*
*Nor Sunſhine to the Bee;*
*Not Sleep to Toil ſo eaſing,*
*As theſe dear Smiles to me.*

POLY. *Fly ſwift, thou maſſy Ruin fly:*
*Die, preſumptuous* Acis, *die.*

## RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Help, *Galatea!* help, ye Parent Gods!
And take me dying to your deep Abodes.

## CHORUS.

*Mourn, all ye Muſes; weep, ye Swains;*
*Tune, tune your Reeds to doleful Strains;*
*Groans,*

*Groans, Cries, and Howlings, fill the neighb'ring Shore.*
*Ah!----the gentle* Acis *is no more.*

## SONG *and* CHORUS.

### Galatea.

*Muſt I my* Acis *ſtill bemoan,*
*Inglorious, cruſh'd beneath that Stone?*
*Muſt the lovely charming Youth*
*Die for his Conſtancy and Truth?*
*Say, what Comfort can you find?*
*For dark Deſpair o'erclouds my Mind.*

## CHORUS.

*Ceaſe,* Galatea, *ceaſe to grieve;*
*Bewail not, when thou canſt relieve:*
*Call forth thy Power, employ thy Art;*
*The Goddeſs ſoon can heal thy Smart:*
*To Kindred Gods the Youth return,*
*Thro' verdant Plains to roll his Urn.*

### Recitative.

### Galatea.

'Tis done: Thus I exert my Pow'r divine;
Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

AIR.

## AIR.

*Heart, thou Seat of ſoft Delight!*
*Be thou now a Fountain bright!*
*Purple be no more thy Blood,*
*Glide thou like a cryſtal Flood;*
*Rock, thy hollow Womb diſcloſe:*
*The bubbling Fountain, lo! it flows.*
*Through the Plains he joys to rove,*
*Murm'ring ſtill his gentle Love.*

## CHORUS.

Galatea, *dry thy Tears;*
Acis *now a God appears;*
*See how he rears him from his Bed;*
*See the Wreath that binds his Head:*
*Hail! thou gentle murm'ring Stream,*
*Shepherd's Pleaſure, Muſes Theme;*
*Thro' the Plain ſtill joy to rove,*
*Murm'ring ſtill thy gentle Love.*

FINIS.

## AIR.

Heart, thou Seat of soft Delight!
Be thou now a Fountain bright!
Purple flow now thy Blood,
Glide thro' thee a lyrical Flood;
Rock, thy bellying Womb artickle:
The bubbling Fountains, lo! it flows.
Through the Plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring fill his gentle Love.

## CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy Tears;
Acis now a God appears;
See how he rears him from his Bed;
See the Wreath that binds his Head.
Hail! thou gentle murmuring Stream,
Shepherds Blessings, Nymphs Theme;
Thro' the Plain fill joy to rove,
Murmuring fill thy gentle Love.

## FINIS.